

OUR DUMB Animals

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

NOV 9 1961

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"Two Kits and One Kaboodle"

—Photo, Walter Chandoha



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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

Animals

VOLUME 94 — No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1961

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
 AND
 THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Africa's Disappearing Wildlife

FOR more than a century we who live in North America have thoughtlessly exploited and destroyed the wildlife along with other natural resources of our continent, and we are in no position to preach to Africans about conservation.

The New York Times recently expressed the hope that the emerging nations of Africa will profit by our mistakes and begin to apply science and foresight in the management of their resources.

At least thirty-two species of mammals, birds and reptiles are near the point of extinction. In Kenya the situation is desperate at the moment—a severe drought is causing great distress to hundreds of animals, especially elephants, rhinoceroses, etc. Many have died from thirst and starvation—many more will follow.

These animals are in a large preserve where hunting is not permitted. The International Society for the Protection of Animals (ISPA) is working on the problem. Funds are needed and contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of ISPA, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

This is a most worthy appeal.

E.H.H.



"Mayflower Compact."

THE WATER was too shallow to land the boat. But the harbor was well sheltered, and it looked like the kind of landing place they were seeking.

"Bring her alongside that rock!" said Captain Miles Standish.

The tiny boat, its mast split in three places, turned its side to the grey December sea and drifted up against the great boulder. The intrepid Standish stepped over the gunwhale and planted his foot on the New England granite.

The boulder was—Plymouth Rock.

For the Pilgrims, it was "the end of the beginning." Behind lay persecution, exile—and the momentous decision to seek personal freedom in the uncharted New World. Ahead lay hardship, death—and immortality.

It was four days before Christmas when Standish and his small group of men went ashore at Plymouth. They returned to the Mayflower, anchored off Provincetown, with the good news that a site for the new settlement had been found.

On December 26th the Mayflower, braving high wintry winds, made a successful passage into Plymouth Harbor.

The Mayflower had set out for America on September 16, 1620, with 102 passengers. On November 19th, land was sighted. A few days later the Pilgrims met in the cabin of the ship and drew up the famous "Mayflower Compact," establishing themselves as a civic body under a government of law. It is one of the great documents in mankind's search for freedom.

For while there were 102 humans on that little ship, there were only two dogs.

Unfortunately, genealogists haven't done as good a job of following family lines for dogs as they have for humans. And today, the dog next door may be a direct descendant of one of the dogs that

crossed on the Mayflower and no one would know it.

According to history, these two dogs were a Mastiff and a Spaniel. We know that the Mastiff was a female and may well have borne a large family, but alas, if it were so, no one thought to record the fact. If the Spaniel was a male, we can imagine that the progeny were odd animals indeed.

If both dogs were females, they may still have started families, for apparently the Indians in the area had dogs even at that time. In Bradford's History of Ply-



Landing at Plymouth.

mouth it is reported that Capt. Myles Standish, on his reconnoitering expedition on Cape Cod, met a party of Indians that had a dog along.

This is backed up by other references to Indian dogs in early writings, including the report that a dog gave the warning when the English attacked the Indians at Pequot Fort in 1637.

So if you have a Spaniel, a Mastiff or a "just plain dog," his ancestors may have come over in the Mayflower, too.

The Pilgrims' first winter is a tragic—and precious—page in American history. Before the winter was over, half the entire band had perished of disease, hunger, and exposure.

The dead were buried on nearby Cole's Hill, and grain was sown over the burial plot to conceal from the Indians how many of the band had died. It was feared that this knowledge might embolden the Indians to make an attack.

Early in March the incredibly cold winter finally began to recede. On March 26th another hopeful event took place

when Samoset, grand sachem of the Monhegan Indians, entered the village exclaiming "Welcome!" Through him the Pilgrims became acquainted with Squanto, and these two Indians played an important role in the history of the Colony.

They told the Pilgrims to plant Indian corn "when the oakleaves are as big as mouse-ears," and to catch fish to fertilize the soil. Thus the seeds were sown for the first Thanksgiving harvest.

Twenty-one men and "six large boys"—the entire surviving able-bodied male working force of the colony—did the planting. They had no horses or other domestic animals. With heavy hoes they broke the earth, and planted 20 acres of corn. Then they sowed 6 more acres with wheat, rye, barley and peas.

It was a warm and bright summer, and the crops grew and thrived.

When autumn arrived, the three log warehouses were filled with provisions. By this time Plymouth Colony also boasted seven dwellings and a combined church and town meeting hall.

Governor William Bradford and the Plymouth Council deliberated gravely. It was fitting, they thought, to celebrate and give thanks for their good fortune.

The Pilgrims issued a formal invitation and Massasoit, grand sachem of the Pokanoket Indians, joined them in a feast of Thanksgiving.

As with all Thanksgiving Days since that first celebration at Plymouth, it was an occasion that combined gaiety with solemnity. The devout Pilgrims added prayers of thanks to their feasting for all the good Lord had provided.



First Thanksgiving.

NO other bird or animal looks out so frequently from the pages of early American history as the wild turkey.

The Indians adorned themselves in his feathers and roasted his flesh for food, but left vast numbers roaming the forests and open brushlands of North America until our ancestors arrived. The bird's cheerful call of "turk, turk, turk" must have been a welcome greeting to the pioneers, who had never before seen this one hundred per cent American bird. But they very soon got acquainted. We read of roast turkey served by the Pilgrims on the first American Thanksgiving.

Through a knothole of his father's cabin in Indiana young Abraham Lincoln

Our First American

By DORIS M. BALTES

once shot at a wild turkey, but related for history that he never again shot at a wild animal.

Over the mountains and into the valley of Kentucky the wild turkey flocks lured Boone, who records that they were so thick in the forests he could not distinguish one flock from another and believed they roamed the country in one great flock from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River.

Down from the eighteenth century comes a word picture of the great numbers of wild turkeys left at that time. William Barton, a naturalist, then traveling through the Carolinas, wrote of them: "I was awakened in the early morning by the cheerful converse of wild turkey cocks saluting one another from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty cypresses. . . . The high forests ring with their noises for hundreds of miles around."

The great naturalist, Audubon, leaves

us another picture of the turkey tribe's fall migration from high to lower grounds in search of richer forage, the gobblers traveling in flocks of from ten to a hundred and the hens separately with their broods. "I have watched them," says Audubon, "gather at a riverside and remain perhaps for a day or two as if in consultation as to how to cross. Suddenly the whole tribe would mount to the tops of the highest trees and, at a signal from the leader, would take flight for the opposite shore. If some of them fell into the water they did not drown but swam, and if when they came to the opposite bank it was too high to climb, they let themselves float downstream to where the bank was accessible."

But the wild turkey flocks fade from the scene as history proceeds. The forests were cut down, the brushlands cleared—no longer were the birds hunted only for food, but for the so-called sport of killing.



A cheerful call of "turk, turk, turk," greeted the Pilgrims.

They ceased to wander to the lowlands and hid away permanently in remote mountain sections and swamplands, but even there were sought out and destroyed. Today they are almost extinct in their native land, and few Americans of this generation are familiar even with their appearance.

The domesticated turkey is but a weak offshoot from his beautiful wild ancestor. The wild turkey's plumage was darker—dark green tinged with bronze, with feather tippings of velvety black—his wing power was much greater. He was more slenderly built but attained greater size.

Strictly speaking, our tame turkey is not the descendant of the wild turkey that roamed the United States, but descends in a round-about manner from a Mexican relative. Early in the sixteenth century the Mexican turkey was introduced into Europe and raised there domestically as an article of food. Much later, when wild turkeys had become scarce here, we imported European stock and from that breed started turkey-raising.

What American would not recall, if he could, the wild turkey flocks roaming our virgin forests, calling from the tops of the tall trees and gathering at the riverbank.

Mortals to Avoid: *The Camera Addict*

By KARIN AND CARSTEN AHRENS



"Oh, if he'd only change his brand of cigars!"

*I can't understand it; I've thought all I can,
Why man wants to make a dog look like a man!*

*A day doesn't pass . . . A night never goes,
But my master will shoot me in some weird pose.*

*I perch on a ladder, a fence, or a throne,
Dolled up in more costumes than you've ever known.*

*I wear a tuxedo, spats, top hat, and cane,
Smoke big black cigars, drink milk, or champagne.*

*I'm a hobo, a soldier, a banker, a worker,
A sailor, a dude, or a young soda jerker.*

*I stare into high-powered lamps 'til I'm groggie,
While I'm pictured as everything else but a doggie!*

How "Teddy" Got His Name

By MARIO DEMARCO

THERE is something many of you don't know . . . That the toy bear got his name from one of the presidents of the United States.

It happened some years ago . . . the President was on an expedition in the great Mississippi Valley and his party found a small bear. The cub soon became the mascot of the group. Newsmen relayed the story to the press and shortly after a cartoonist made a drawing of the small bear and the President. An alert toy maker saw the cartoon and got the brilliant idea of making stuffed toy bears. He then went to the President and received his permission to name the stuffed bear in honor of him.

In no time at all this particular toy became the number one item on the wanted list for many children. It is still one of the best selling toys all over the world.

The popular stuffed toy was called the "Teddy Bear" . . . the President? . . . *Teddy Roosevelt.*



"Well, my little friend, what tricks are you planning to play on us today?"

FEEDING our horses, Chief and Brokah may not be as colorful as changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace, but I'll wager there is a lot more going on. Everybody, and by everybody I mean Sam, the poodle, Joe and George, the twin black cats, Stub, the three-legged kitten and Fellah, the neighbors' pointer, all get into the act.

The trek to the barn begins around seven o'clock in the morning with Sam leading the way, woofing and falling all over himself to be first in the barn. Close behind him comes Joe with George only a cat's whisker away, then Stub and Fellah, with me, bringing up the rear.

The second the barn door is opened, Sam leaps inside and makes a beeline for the loose hay where he submerges like a submarine with only his "periscope" visible. What he's looking for in the heart of the stack I don't know; I doubt that he does either.

While he's busy at one end of the barn, Fellah and George stir up the dust under the mangers looking for mice which Stub, who waits on the sidelines usually catches.

The real imp of the lot is Joe. While I'm forking up the hay he will crouch in a manger and with tail lashing and eyes closed wait for me to cover him.

Unless you know Joe and what he's up to, this may seem a silly thing to do but it is all part of a plan to scare the living daylights out of one of the horses.

What he will do when a horse thrusts his head down for a bite of hay is to pop up like a jack-in-the-box, deliver a smart slap to the unsuspecting nose and then be up and out of there before the horse regains his senses.

You'd think that the horses, having had this trick played on them time after time would come to expect hanky-panky with their oats, but they never do.

Down will come a nose, up will spring a green-eyed booger and the horse, with a snort and whinny will all but hit the rafters.

This explosive behavior naturally upsets the other horse and for several minutes there's nothing but pandemonium in the old corral.

When the horses have at last settled down to breakfast, Joe will harass them further by leaping from one broad back to the other and attempt while his mount is kicking and bucking, to sharpen his claws in the thick hide.

Naturally, these antics haven't endeared Joe to the horses and I'm sure they would have flattened him into the dust long since if they'd been able to catch him.

Like all young cats, Joe is nimble, but even so there came a day when Brokah caught him off guard and what he did to that cat is something of a barnyard classic.

There had been the usual spooking, the usual back scratching followed by the usual quiet, and then, with nothing better to do, the small animals followed me to the corral to hang around while I made things clean and tidy.

The sound of running water probably made Joe thirsty and leaping to a corner of the trough he bent over to drink. It was while he was in this unguarded position that Brokah chanced to turn round in his stall.

With pure mischief in his eyes, Brokah left the stall and if ever a horse can be said to tiptoe, then Brokah tiptoed to within a foot or so of the unsuspecting cat.

Sam's Friend

By INA LOUEZ MORRIS

Author of the beloved "Mr. Blue" series



Sam waits as Joe sharpens his claws with anticipation.

Without making a sound, Brokah lowered his head until his nose was directly under the cat's hind quarters, then, with a quick upward thrust, he catapulted the cat, head first into the trough.

At that time of the morning the water was icy cold, which probably accounted for the speed with which Joe zoomed out of the trough and onto the top rail of the corral.

For perhaps five seconds Brokah simply stood there and gloated, his ears back, his lower lip twitching as though in amusement, while the surprised and bedraggled cat shook first one foot then the other and glared with pure hatred at the horse.

But Brokah didn't care about that. With a toss of his mane and a swish of his tail, he returned to his stall and breakfast.

American Fondouk

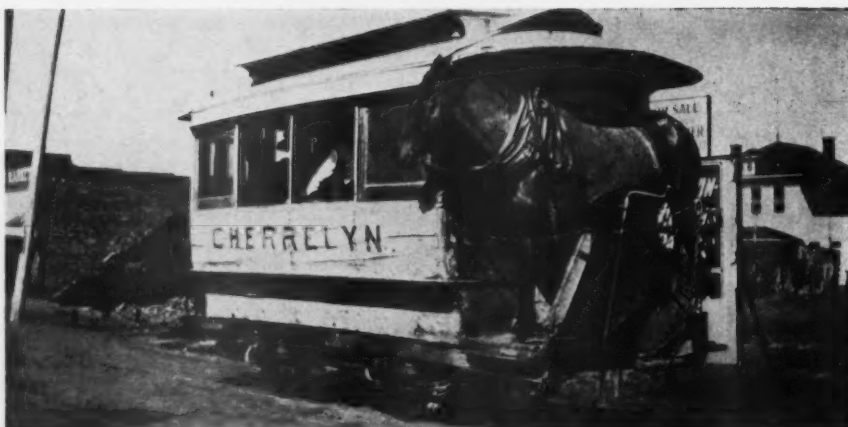
INTO the exotic, oriental and ancient city of Fez, the cultural center of Morocco, have gone Walter E. Kilroy, his lovely wife Gail, and their 21-month-old son, Kevin. Walter, a dedicated young man, 22 years old, has maintained a sincere interest and love for animals, domestic and wild, from his early childhood. Both as an ambulance driver and an agent he has acquired great experience in animal protective work. Mr. Kilroy has already served several years with the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and is a thoroughly tested and trained humanitarian.

Walter will work with Monsieur Delon, the present Director of the Fondouk, for a year. At which time Mr. Delon, after over thirty years of devoted service, will retire and Mr. Kilroy will become Director of the Fondouk. This position requires the love of animals and the desire and training to minister to their needs. It also requires stamina and fortitude coupled with the spirit of adventure. All these assets Walter possesses. Youthfulness supplemented by a reverence of all living things and the will to do good are all part of the Kilroy family's way of life.

It takes a special kind of family to "pull up stakes" and start a new life in an old land. It is with great pride and confidence that we, who have worked close to Walter, wish him and his family all the success and happiness that they justly deserve.



Gail and Walter Kilroy.



One Horsepower

By C. ARTHUR HOCHMUTH

JUST a half century ago Old Faithful, pictured here, rode down the hill on the little tram car as it made the last of its many trips. It was not a publicity stunt as many might suspect but a definite part of his daily routine in a strictly business enterprise that had been operated for more than 20 years.

It was his job to tow the car up the hill from Englewood, a suburb of Denver, Colorado to Cherrelyn. Upon arriving at the small village surrounded by cherry orchards, he was unhitched and mounting the rear platform, he, the car and its passengers would coast merrily back to the starting point. The car line was a little over a mile in length and outward bound was all uphill which made this arrangement possible. Fifteen minutes running or rather pulling time were allowed for the trip out. Returning it usually took about three minutes but with a good tailwind it could be made in somewhat less than that. On the other hand with a strong head-on breeze the car would occasionally become stalled on the more level places and then the passengers would be called upon to help get it started again.

The line had been a part of the Denver street car system with an investment and land company making up any deficit that might occur. About 1890 service beyond Englewood was discontinued and the land company took over the remainder of the line to Cherrelyn. The entire operation of managing, maintenance and driving was entrusted to the owner of a local

livery-stable.

He salvaged an old, discarded horse-car and fixed it up so well that it was to see over a score more years of usefulness. For locomotion he selected horses from his own stable. The number of Old Faithful's predecessors is not known, but the names of two have been recorded for history. One was Quickstep and the other, Dick, a gray and probably the most famous as he served longer than any of the others. The appellation, Old Faithful, undoubtedly can be assumed the most fitting for a horse with the right temperament to perform so faithfully that sort of work.

Both freight and passengers were carried and while the line was never a paying proposition it was kept in operation mainly to fulfill the commitments of the land company. It was also very popular as a tourist attraction, but when the annual loss became too great, it was finally abandoned in 1911.

Cherrelyn and its orchards have long since been absorbed by a growing community, but the car has been preserved and sits proudly beside the City Hall in Englewood. As for Old Faithful and Quickstep and Dick and all the others, they perhaps, may look down from that section of Animal Heaven reserved for old carhorses and reflect upon the days when they pulled it up the hill to be rewarded with the ride back down along with the possible recompense of a lump of sugar or an apple from one of the passengers of the little one horse-power tramcar.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Its Own Reward

By PAULINE V. McCONNELL

By saving a cat's life Captain Boynton also saved his own life and the life of his crew.



Captain Boynton made the crew return to the burning ship, at great risk to their lives, to rescue their black cat, "John Croix."

THE STORY of John Croix has been told in many ways over several decades, but it is the kind of story that never loses its appeal. It is once again proof that kindness to dumb animals always, in due time, brings its own reward, either in the character of the doer of the kindness, or in some act of importance in his life.

Few people realized this more than Captain Boynton and men of the schooner *Richards*, which sailed out of Key West for New York. When a hundred miles from land the ship caught on fire, and after a brave struggle to put it out, the officers and crew had to take to the only boat which had not been harmed by the fire. After they had put off from the burning steamer, Captain Boynton made them return, at great risk to their lives, to rescue their black cat that the crew had christened "John Croix."

His kindness was well rewarded, for 'John' was soon the means of saving their lives shortly afterward.

A stiff gale from the north drove the boat along until, after tossing about in great danger for two days, it drifted among the islands to the westward of Key West. Then, in the heavy seas that

were running, the boat was capsized before she made the shore, the bung came out of the water-keg, and all the provisions were lost in the sea. The men got ashore all right—Captain Boynton with the cat—but they had neither food nor water; and, after searching the little island not a trace of a spring of fresh water could be found. Very tired, overly exhausted, wet and hungry, as well as filled with despair, they all lay down to sleep.

But early in the morning, John Croix awakened the captain by rubbing against his face. Thinking he was frightened, Boynton petted his cat, stroked his fur and tickled him under the chin. John Croix then went off a few feet and mewed to him over his shoulder until the captain got up and followed him. With his tail up on end, the black cat led the way to a clump of mangrove trees, the root of which overhung the bank three feet above the high tide. John trotted under the mass of roots, and began to purr louder than the captain had ever heard him.

Captain Boynton started to follow John Croix then backed out; but the cat mewed

so long and so loud that Boynton got down on his hands and knees again and followed him. After crawling about ten feet, he found John Croix standing drinking at a rill of fresh, sweet water, about as big as a man's wrist.

The captain then satisfied his own thirst, and then returning to his men, awakened them and told with great joy of John Croix's discovery.

But their wonder at the cleverness of the black cat increased, when, two hours later, John came running with a half-opened oyster in his mouth. Until the cat had shown them all the way to food, as he had led them to water, none of them had thought of looking for oysters, of which there were millions around the roots of the mangrove trees.

Strengthened and encouraged with the food and water, the mariners set about patching their boat. Five days later when the gale had blown over, they put to sea again, and were soon picked up by a vessel bound for Charleston. Upon arrival at the port, Captain Boynton presented "John Croix" to a friend who gave him a good home until he died of old age.

M.S.P.C.A. Disaster Unit In the Field



President Eric H. Hansen addresses officers.



Last minute briefing before departure.



Officer inspects condition of horses.



Driving cows to higher ground.



Ambulances, cars and men.



Emergency equipment.



Horse being led to.



and men assemble at Society.



y equipment being issued.



being led to ambulance.



J. Robert Smith assigning routes.



Men and equipment on Cape Cod ready for action.



Mr. Smith directing convoy by radio.



Inspecting sheep pasture for flood danger.

WHEN hurricane Carla struck Texas, the nation's press and television stations gave extensive coverage to the disaster, and those who saw on television the plight of a horse desperately trying to reach higher ground will never forget it — nor will they forget the dogs left behind or the sheep trying to find shelter behind buildings or automobiles.

Thousands of people, according to the Columbia Broadcasting System, telephoned to find out what happened to the horse, and we are happy to say that it was rescued by the cameramen.

If there were any humane society workers in the field, we did not hear about them, but when hurricane Esther approached New England, the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Disaster Unit was ready. Before the storm was due to hit Massachusetts, a convoy of 17 ambulances and agents' cars were on their way to Cape Cod under the able direction of Vice-President J. Robert Smith.

Our Disaster Unit operated with the complete cooperation of the National Guard, the Red Cross, State Civilian Defense and State Police. The Society operates its own broadcasting station and, as a result, Mr. Smith could be in constant touch with the units under his command which were deployed over a large area of Cape Cod.

During the period before the hurricane was due to arrive, hundreds of animals in the area were checked by our men and plans made to evacuate them, should it become necessary. Fortunately for all concerned, the storm lost its punch and only high wind and minor flooding occurred, but the Society was ready then as it is in case of any disaster, thanks to our members and friends who make it possible.

To 25 of our staff who spent three wet and miserable days in the field, grateful appreciation for a job well done.

E.H.H.

WHEN a pig turned a sagacious look my way and trotted straight for me, I sprinted wildly for the tractor and with one leap landed on the seat. "What in the world are you going to do with that awful beast?", I screamed.

Laughing until he was having difficulty in standing, my husband reached for the pig that was now routing in the soft dirt under the tractor. When he picked it up, it squirmed and squealed loud and long. Over the noise my husband, still smiling broadly, said, "She is only a harmless little pig that I bought for pork."

Oblivious of my premonition, my husband went about the task of building a pig pen. As he worked, he explained that now, we would be raising our own hams and bacon, "She will eat anything," he said proudly.

As time passed, the greedy hog proved him very nearly right. When she broke out of her pen she robbed our hens' nests of eggs. Two days before Thanksgiving she did away with our turkey. She even nipped at the puppy's tail when he got within nibbling distance. Once I saw her drool in hopeful anticipation when the old black cat climbed up the corner post to her pen.

In spite of all these extra delicacies, she still scared me silly, trying to get out by standing on her hind legs and reaching her front feet over the top board of her pen, whenever she saw me coming with her pail of regular food.

I doubted if I had ever heard happier tidings than the day my husband said, "I think next week we will have the pig butchered."

It was the day before the butcher was to arrive that the victim disappeared. For days we called and looked. It was completely useless. It was as if she had vanished into thin air.

It was a week later that the phone rang



Porky Pig

By NORA ANN KUEHN

and our neighbor, Mr. Seeley, informed me that he had just been forced to fix his fence in his south forty because our hog had torn it down to get inside his field. Our "Pig for Pork" was getting to be a costly asset.

I hung up the phone after making some weak apology and turned to my husband. "I guess your little 'pig for pork' is going to cost you more than you bargained for. She has ripped up Mr. Seeley's fence and he sounds pretty unhappy about it."

My husband sighed and picked up his hat and started after the pig. As soon as the pickup pulled out of the yard, I called the man who did our custom butchering. He said he would come for the pig in a day or two.

My husband returned, with the pig riding contentedly in the back of the pickup, just as if nothing had happened. I turned my most hostile look upon her and asked, "How much damage did you have to pay for?"

"Seeley wasn't at home," my husband replied. "His wife said I could settle with him later this week."

"I'll bet it's plenty," I said. "Well, she won't be causing us trouble much longer.

The butcher said he will take her in a day or so."

The next morning when I took the pail of feed to our prodigal pig, there was a serenity about her I had never seen before, as if she were done with making my life miserable. For the first time I felt a little sorry for her. That evening I fixed up some of her choice food, apples and potato peelings, a few string beans and a boiled egg. I even threw in a head of lettuce that was only a little brown on the outside leaves. I could afford to show some compassion for my old tormentor today. Soon she would be pork. Today she did not stand up on her hind legs when she saw me. She waited until I had emptied it into her trough, then giving me a docile look she picked at it daintily. "What are you trying to do," I asked, "trying to make me feel guilty or something?" She grunted and went on eating slowly.

That evening when my husband came home he burst into the kitchen excitedly. "Did the butcher come for the pig today?" he asked.

"No. Why?" I replied.

He sat down on a chair and looked at me with a big grin on his face. "I'm glad to hear that," he said.

"What ever do you mean?", I asked.

"She is not going to become pork," he said.

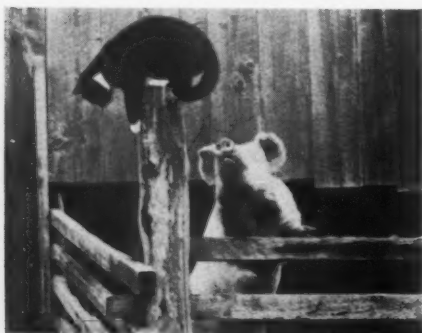
"Why not," I asked with a strange feeling of relief.

My husband looked a little foolish. "Well," he said, "it seems she fell in love and married Seeley's boy hog, while she was on her vacation."

"You mean she is going to become a mother?"

"Seems so," he replied.

I sat down in a chair beside my husband. "You know, I'm kind of glad she isn't going to be pork. I think that she is actually starting to like me."



Porky drooled over the cat on the fence.



Porky often nipped Puppy's tail.

Oil Pollution

By LESTER A. GILES, JR.

PEOPLE sometimes pass laws to correct socially unacceptable situations. This is what has happened in the case of the problem of oil pollution. The 1954 London Convention was ratified by the Senate. This was followed by implementing legislation by the Congress which was signed by the President into law in September of this year. But legislation alone is not enough. Laws must be enforced to gain a minimum of benefit; even more, they should act as a guiding spirit for action on the part of people.

So it is now with oil pollution. We now have the laws — we must be guided by the spirit as well as the letter of them.

Recent encouraging signs give rise to the hope that this is going to happen. In New Haven, Connecticut, recently there was a meeting of representatives of government (national, state and local) conservationists, petroleum industry, shipping, and interested private parties. Over seventy-five attended a serious discussion of the problem as it related to New Haven harbor and the loss of sea life and accompanying damage to property that oil spills caused there this past year. There is to be another meeting soon on the part of some of these same representatives to explore better and more efficient means of administering the laws as well as the design of better methods of handling this potentially very dangerous material.

Everytime oil is spilled or an oil pollution situation is discovered, it should be reported immediately to the nearest District Office of the Coast Guard or Army Engineers.

They may be found by looking in the telephone directory. If no office is listed locally, you may find out its location by consulting either the police or a phone book of the town or city that is the county seat. Or you may simply notify us — The American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts — by listing the place and date on a postal card where the condition exists.

November, 1961



With its sticky tongue the Armadillo draws out a meal of ants.

Mammal From the Past

By BERNADINE BEATIE

*The Armadillo is organized more for self-defense
rather than aggression.*

T ROTTING slowly about in an unending search for food, the armadillo looks like a creature from some ancient forest — shrunk from its once mighty size into a tiny, harmless replica of itself — like a survival from the time when the earth was young, great continents were being born, and icy sheets lay over the land. Indeed, the armadillo is a cousin to the Boreostracon, that thrived in the age of the dinosaurs.

John James Audubon, the famous naturalist, said of this strange little mammal: "This singular production of nature resembles a small pig saddled with the shell of a turtle. Its covering is something between a turtle-shell or horn and very hard sole leather."

Not only has the armadillo survived but it is on the increase, now it is found not only in Mexico, its original range, but all over Texas and in parts of Oklahoma and Louisiana. Its natural enemies, the wolf, the bobcat, and the cougar, have almost been exterminated by farmers and ranchers to protect their cattle and sheep. So the armadillo ambles happily through tangled brush and cactus, poking its long

pointed snout into holes, lapping up ants and insects on its sticky tongue.

Sometimes you can walk almost upon the armadillo before it will turn and scurry to the safety of its den. As it runs, there is a faint rattling sound, made by the clinking of the shell-like rings that cover its back. Its long brown tail is also covered with overlapping shell rings. At maturity, the armadillo often weighs as much as thirteen pounds. Its forelegs are exceptionally well-developed and shovel at the soil with a paddling motion to uncover a tasty bite.

When startled, the armadillo is able to run surprisingly fast, and when cornered, it can roll into a ball to protect its soft underside. Though chiefly nocturnal, it is often seen wandering about during the day in search of food. Its lair is a burrow at the base of a shrub or tree, or a hole in a rocky hill.

While other animals that once roamed the prairies are now extinct, the awkward little armadillo thrives and multiplies. It clinks slowly along, looking at this modern world through near-sighted eyes, and does not even lift its head when a mighty jet plane crashes the sound barrier.

Seeing Is Believing

By J. C. MACFARLANE

AFTER ten years of setting up educational exhibits at many of our New England Fairs, we are now conducting a different type of exhibit —

It is one thing to give out printed material on various phases of livestock loss prevention — it is quite another to use living animals in order to emphasize the need for gentle hands and patience when working with animals.

At two of our Fairs this season, we conducted several demonstrations daily — thanks to the Fair Management.

In both instances, large tents were provided. Walk-in the stalls were built — the whole area fenced in — as well as many other details that made the animals safe and comfortable.

Cattle, calves, sheep, swine, geese, ducks, chickens, ponies, donkeys and goats were brought out into the fenced-in area and I talked about them all — to large groups of spectators.

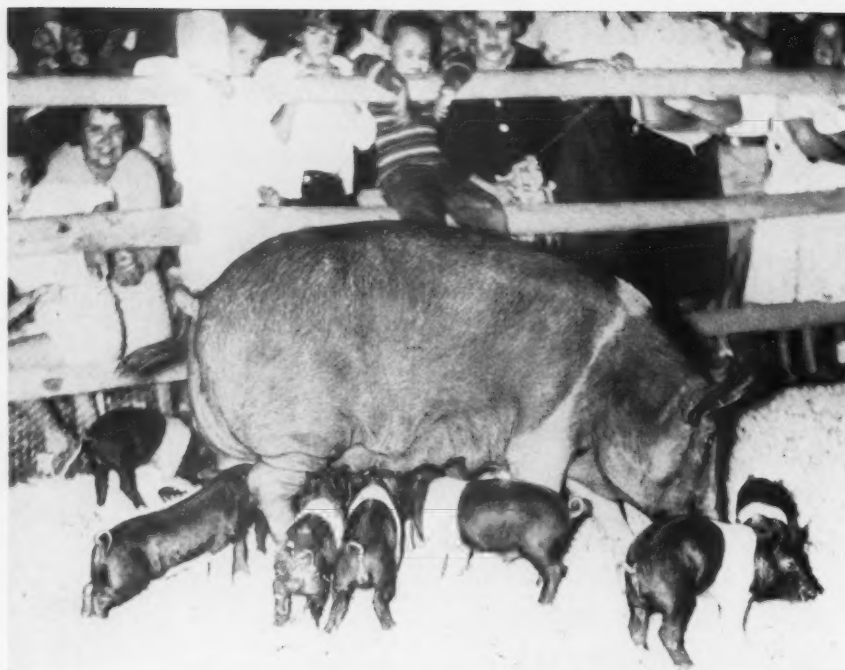
We not only were able to place the necessary emphasis on the need for the common sense handling of livestock, but we were also able to talk about the wonderful training that 4-H Club work makes possible.

In another year, we expect that other Fairs may like the idea and we may be able to reach more people all over the state.

Several visitors to our last fair explained that our "farmyard" scene was one of the major exhibits at the fair.

Most everyone likes to hear stories about animals — especially when they can see the animals you are talking about.

At various hours throughout the day the friendly (and unfortunately not too well-known) sound of a cowbell would reverberate over the loud speaker system that was provided. Before many minutes passed we would have hundreds of men, women and children gathered around the



Printed leaflets cannot compete with the living, breathing subject.



This little piggy went to market.



Prize Dorset ram is shown.

fence waiting to see what kind of an exhibit we were going to conduct.

We talked about the many things we get from livestock — and what we in turn should do for them. Whenever possible we showed the adult female animal and her offspring.

We had a beautiful three-week-old white face Hereford, young goats, baby chicks and ducks, a Welsh pony, a Shetland pony and her foal — and we ended our show by bringing out a very well-kept Hampshire sow and her family of ten 3-week-old babies.

Two 4-H boys helped me at both Fairs — Richard Salve, shown with his prize Dorst ram — and Eddie Coutu who sheared 2 or 3 sheep a day.

Such an educational exhibit is of tremendous benefit to us — in bringing out the tremendous losses we sustain each year — and what can be done to reduce those losses — and on the other hand, such an exhibit helps the Fair.

It's agricultural, it's educational, and it's entertaining.

We are grateful for any opportunity to tell the story of livestock conservation and what our Massachusetts S.P.C.A. is doing to create a better understanding between man and animal.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bunny-Sitting Beagle

By KATHERINE F. MOORE

Photo by BOB DOTY



Speedy and Fluffy stop to pass the time of day.

Lacking competition for the essentials of life, "natural enemies" become friends.

SPEEDY is, indeed, a pedigreed beagle and does come from a long line of hunting dogs, but she came to us when she was just three months old and has never been used for hunting. She is just purely and simply a pet — part of our family.

Miss Fluffy arrived at the age of six weeks — the gift of a magician to our little Karen, following a magic show in which Miss Fluffy was a "prop." She has been with us a little over five years, and she, too, is a regular member of the family. She has an "apartment" on a small, enclosed room off from our kitchen, and her bedroom, within the "apartment," is a corrugated box, with warm rugs. She has air-conditioned it herself, cutting the window, or front door, to a size to suit herself. The door to the "apartment" is never closed, and she could leave it whenever she might choose, but when we put her back into her home she stays there until someone comes along and gets her.

Miss Fluffy is house-broken. *She trained herself.* We keep papers in one corner of the kitchen for Speedy, the beagle, in case she ever needs them at night or when we may be gone a little too long, and Fluffy has taught herself to use those papers when she runs in the kitchen. One door in the kitchen leads to the living room; another to the dining room. We

keep both doors open most of the time, and Miss Fluffy *never* leaves the linoleum of the kitchen. She taught herself *that*, too. Oh, we bring her, many times, into other parts of the house, but she never comes of her own accord.

Miss Fluffy is immaculate. We have never washed any part of her, and she smells, always, just like Ivory soap!

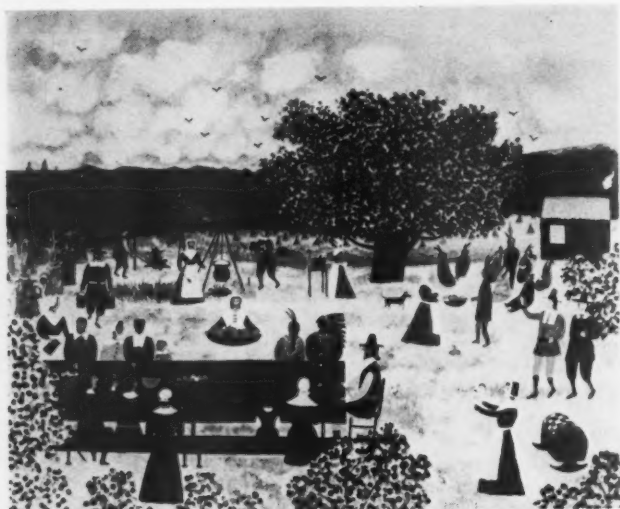
In the summer months, and when our doors are open, she and Speedy both have the run of the back yard, which is fenced in, and both come and go, as they please, through the bottom of our back screen door, which is fixed on a curtain rod so that it swings in and out as the pets come and go.

Until this past summer we felt quite comfortable to allow Miss Fluffy to be in the back yard whenever she pleased, but one day, to my horror, I looked out and saw her being chased at top speed by a large black cat that had somehow gotten into the back yard. I rescued Miss Fluffy, of course, before the cat reached her, but after that, we allowed her to be outside only when someone was "bunny-sitting," or when Speedy, the beagle, was there with her. Speedy has the usual dislike of cats, and we feel quite safe, about Fluffy, when Speedy is with her.

The affection between the two little pets is quite real. I frequently see them "nosing" each other, and have, on more than one occasion, seen Fluffy take the shortest distance between two points, which happened to be a straight line right *under* Speedy. Speedy would never bat an eye — just keep on looking straight ahead.

Some of our friends have been interested in the obvious affection the pup and bunny both have for the two-legged members of the family. It is a common story, of course, for a dog to be affectionate, and, to be sure, this is the only bunny we ever had, but she is *most* loving — has never been known to be anything else. She will lick us affectionately with her little tongue, and lie very quietly on a lap for long periods of time while we watch television or read. Sometimes she will put her forefeet on the chest of the one holding her, and snuggle her nose into the neck of that person. As she runs about our feet at the breakfast table in the kitchen, she will rub an ankle with her fur, or creep underneath a long bathrobe for a good hiding place. I guess the reason for her affection is that she merely returns the love she receives — and she has never known anything but love at our house.

The YOUNG



HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO ALL!

Pen-Pals Unlimited

November, 1961

Hello, Young Readers:

I hope you all enjoy your holiday, and that those of you who kept the Thanksgiving festival will have a wonderful time.

It is a great pity that it has become a tradition in Europe and America to have a turkey or a goose for the main part of the Thanksgiving feast. Both turkeys and geese are very intelligent birds, and can make most amusing friends. I have often heard of people keeping a goose, or geese, instead of a watch-dog, and the geese were most careful not to allow anyone near their owner's house who had not a right to be there.

I have never kept geese myself, but I once had a turkey called Jean. Jean, of course, is a girl's name, and my turkey was a boy, but he happened to hatch out of his egg on the same day as Jean, a little cousin of mine, was born, so he was given the same name. Like his namesake he was a very delicate baby and had to be brought up in the house, and consequently got just as tame as a dog or cat. He was given to me, because my aunt who had reared him from the day he hatched couldn't bear to kill him, and he grew into a very fine big white turkey.

Jean was the only turkey we had and I think he must have felt a bit lonely as he palled up with a little brown hen called Martha, and they were always about together. Then one day I brought back a little lame duck which had a broken leg, and which wasn't very beautiful to look at. I didn't know what Jean and Martha would say to my poor little ugly duckling, and I was rather afraid that Jean might resent him as an intruder. However I needn't have worried, as Jean seemed to sense that the poor little ugly duckling needed a friend, and immediately constituted himself as his companion. Then Martha, who had a motherly heart, adopted him as well, and the little duckling was very happy with his two new companions, and all three became quite inseparable and were always seen about together.

All of which goes to prove that some birds as well as animals are very kind to each other, a great deal kinder than some human beings, and it wouldn't do us any harm to take a lesson from them.

I do hope that in the future you will think of turkeys and geese as individuals, with characters of their own, and not just as something which some of us see on the table at Thanksgiving!

Goodbye for now, from your friend,
WIMSA, Delhi, India. Courtesy of *The Animals Friend*.

RIDDLES

1- WHAT TREE DOES EVERYONE CARRY IN HIS HAND?

THINK HARD NOW!

3- WHO IS THE FIRST MAN MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE?

4- WHY IS THE LETTER D LIKE A BAD BOY?

THIS WILL SLAY YOU!

2- WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CLOUD AND A LAD WHO IS BEING SPANKED?

2- ONE POURS RAIN AND THE OTHER ROARS WITH PAIN.

3- CHAP. 1

4- BECAUSE IT MAKES MA MAD.

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*I've oftentimes wished that my dog could speak
But then I suppose if he could,
He'd have lots of worries he doesn't have now,
And I don't think that would be good. —By E. Markham*



PROJECT BRAILLE sponsored by OUR DUMB ANIMALS magazine is appealing for individuals and groups of young people to make raised animal forms as insertions for the Animals in Braille magazine that has been recently printed. While the sightless children are reading the Braille animal stories they can gain a mental image of the animal about which they "read."

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WHERE: Channel 4, WBZ-TV

WHEN: Every Saturday morning, 9:00 to 9:45 a.m.

WHO: John Macfarlane, host, and

an assortment of fascinating animal friends.

THE EIGHTH IN A SERIES OF SIGHT-SAVING STORIES

General Grant: Mule Protector

IN 1864, at City Point, Va., the General of the Army strolled along the wharf, smoking his cigar. One day, seeing a big, raw-boned teamster belaboring one of his wheel mules with a billet of wood, and cursing him roundly, he quietly said, "My man, stop beating that mule." Rawny, looking around at the little unostentatious-appearing person in a plain blouse,— "Say, be you driving these here mules, or be I?" and bat, crack, again went the cudgel, the mule dodging, and jumping the tongue. "Well," said the general, "I think I have sufficient authority here to stop your cruelty to that animal," and, turning to the officer in charge of the train, he ordered him to have the teamster "tied up," for twenty-four hours, when he returned to camp, and report the fact to his headquarters when done. The news spread rapidly from camp to camp, and there was much less mule-mauling after that.

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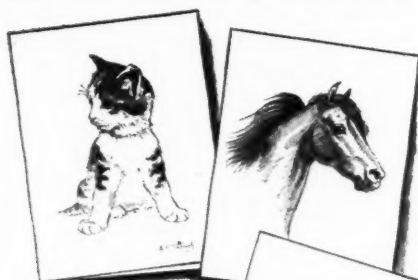
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Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it was incorporated in Massachusetts March, 1868; that it has no connection with any other similar Society; that it receives no aid from State, City, or Community fund.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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